

which with, under the seal of a Death's head, emblemizing eyes and teeth of uncommon size:—

Here both a body of
Pharaoh's army, aged
about 40 years, and
about 100 years of age, 1861.

I may, perhaps, be excused for giving you a few more of the legends borne by stones in this sacred spot, which bear evidence, not only to the piety, but to the poetical imagination of the descendants of the Pilgrims.

One, sacred to the memory of Mr. Le Baron, says:—
"My dear shall number in the ground,
The last trumpet's joyful sound,
Thou shalt be buried in the earth,
And in the resurrection rise again,
And in the resurrection rise again,
And in the resurrection rise again."

Another, commemorating the virtues of Captain William Sherman, says:—
"O life's rough path, which led thee on,
By nature's path, which led thee on,
By nature's path, which led thee on,
By nature's path, which led thee on,
By nature's path, which led thee on,
By nature's path, which led thee on."

And the tribute to the memory of Captain Chas. Holmes, Junior, says:—(by the way I should mention that the avocation of the sea seems to be the peculiar and favorable pursuit of Plymouth's sons):—
"He speaks the meaning of his heart,
He speaks the meaning of his heart,
He speaks the meaning of his heart,
He speaks the meaning of his heart,
He speaks the meaning of his heart,
He speaks the meaning of his heart."

I will close my extracts of epitaphs with the following, engraved on the stone which marks the resting place of Capt. Ezra Harlow:—
"I leave the world with a tear,
I leave the world with a tear,
I leave the world with a tear,
I leave the world with a tear,
I leave the world with a tear,
I leave the world with a tear."

The second verse changes, by the most simple transition possible, from speaking in the first person to speaking in the third, thus:—
"The sick the prisoner, poor and blind,
The sick the prisoner, poor and blind,
The sick the prisoner, poor and blind,
The sick the prisoner, poor and blind,
The sick the prisoner, poor and blind,
The sick the prisoner, poor and blind."

And then comes the reflection of the poet himself, by the same easy transition:—
"The love that makes a pilgrim sweet,
The love that makes a pilgrim sweet,
The love that makes a pilgrim sweet,
The love that makes a pilgrim sweet,
The love that makes a pilgrim sweet,
The love that makes a pilgrim sweet."

Lest I should weary you by my quotations of graveyard literature, I will stop incontinently. This cemetery to which I allude, and which stands immediately in the rear of the First church, is now closed to interments, which take place in a large, handsome cemetery about a mile further west.

I am obliged to finish, as the train has just now arrived from Boston, with the Light Guard and Dodworth's Band, from New York, and I wish to send this by their return, so that you may have it on Monday afternoon.

THE DAY.

PLYMOUTH, August 1, 1863.

The morning of the 1st of August broke dull, foggy, and menacing over this little town of Plymouth, in which was concentrated a spirit of extraordinary excitement, consequent on the celebration, for the first time, of the anniversary of the day when the Pilgrim fathers took their departure from the haven of Delft in Holland, for England, there to embark on board the Mayflower, to establish a home and church for themselves in the New World. Sunday evening had caught on a storm of short continuance, with thunder, lightning, and rain; but it passed over and left the atmosphere cool and pleasant, so that a fine day was anticipated for the occasion. This anticipation, however, was somewhat dampened this morning by the threatening aspect of the clouds, and by the dense fog which hung over land and sea. All the morning it has been a struggle as to whether the sunshine or the rain should gain the pre-eminence, and at this hour, 11 o'clock, the issue remains doubtful, though present appearances indicate that the weather will be favorable. To enable your readers to appreciate the state of excitement in which this little place is now fermenting, and the unanimity and spirit with which all classes have entered into the demonstration, I give you the following sketch of THE APPEARANCE OF THE STREETS.

The decorations of the streets and houses—which were got up under the direction of Mr. William Beale—did great credit at once to the Plymouth people in a way of design, and evinced the spirit with which all classes entered into the idea of the celebration. The railroad depot, from which we may naturally commence our description, was hung with flags, festoons, &c., and Samoset street, from this point to the Samoset House, a very short distance, was crossed by a handsome arch, formed of a rude frame work covered and filled up with branches of spruce, fir and other evergreens. On the scroll over the arch was painted on calico the following motto:—
"Welcome to the Home of the Pilgrims."

The Samoset House itself was decorated with great taste, and looked extremely picturesque. The front of the house, looking eastward, was hung with long strips of bunting, gemmed with stars. The balcony was bound round with the same. In the centre of the balcony was the American shield, draped around with flags, and the following inscription appeared on a strip of calico:—
"Emblematic of the Pilgrims from Delft Haven, in 1620—July 22, 6. 6.—August 1, N. S."

The columns supporting the balcony were wreathed round with tri-colored bunting, gemmed with stars. The southern face of the hotel was similarly decorated, the legend over the porch being:—
"The Pilgrim's Home."

Below the house, and at the junction of Samoset street with the main street, was erected another arch, formed in the same way, and looking extremely pretty and picturesque, the motto on which was:—
"Victims of persecution how wide an empire
Acknowledge the way of your principles!"

Pursuing the Main street southward, we found the private houses on either side, most profusely and tastefully decorated. The mansion of Mr. Hodges, lying off the road, had the palisading in front hung with strips of tri-colored bunting, forming a handsome arch over the gateway, surrounded by the national shield. From the branches of the trees in front of the house were displayed any quantity of the small editions of the stars and stripes, the balconies were tastefully draped, and over the door was a large golden eagle, and from the dome floated an American flag. Another private house close by was decorated in somewhat of the same style.

Another displayed over the outer gate a picture, framed in the form of a shell, having a light-house painted, standing amid the tempestuous waters, interpreted by the little word "Hope." In a semi-circle round the gate was beautifully wrought in leaves and flowers, the motto:—
"Delft Haven—1620—Plymouth."

On the opposite side of the street the decorations were no less handsome and original in design. Green festoons hung from the various windows across the house. Wreaths of evergreens were suspended alternately, now and again, with crosses, stars, and shields. The piazzas, balconies, doors and windows were bedecked with festoonery, drapery and all the other decorations which taste or fancy suggested. Among the shrubs growing around one balcony were festooned imitation birds and butterflies, which, though the latter were somewhat monstrous in size, had a very pleasing effect. The Pilgrim Hall, of which I spoke in my last communication, was simply decorated by having its doric columns twined round with tri-colored bunting, and the stars and stripes floating from the roof. Over the street in front of it was suspended the red cross of England and the American flag, and in the centre between them, a stripe, with this inscription:—
"While in the waste of Ocean
One lonely rock shall stand,
Be this the later legend,
Here was the Pilgrim's land."

A little further on, a few steps over a balcony presented this motto:—
"Remember that you are getting to the spot which was the cradle of the house of the Pilgrim, and which was marked with the Pilgrim's staff, and which was the Pilgrim's staff."

The court house, a plain, substantial building, erected in 1820, stands on the side of the street opposite the Pilgrim Hall, and a little further south of it, and has a small oblong esplanade in front of it. This building was also very handsomely draped with

strips of bunting, hanging gracefully from the dome, and wreathing a portrait of Washington.

We pass by a great number of other decorations, with which the appearance of the street was rendered quite gay and animated, by merely saying that they were of the predominant character in respect to taste and profusion of ornamentation. Here was one, however, the motto over whose porch indicated it had been the abode of John Howland, or was the residence of some of his descendants, and another had the inscription, "The Elder Brewster."

We come now to the decorations of the Mansion House, kept by Mr. Perry. The display here was of a character with that made in the rest of the town. Flags floated across the street, and in the centre was the following legend:—
"Hill, sons of the Pilgrims, assembled to pay
Fidelity's due to their fathers in glory,
May the order of freedom be given to the land,
And their virtues be held while we glow with the story."

The houses at this point—North Square—presented a pretty and enlivening aspect, all of them being most profusely decorated with bunting, wreaths, festoonery, arches, &c. The next motto we come to here was the following:—
"Green are their bays, and greener still
Shall stand the tree of life, and green shall be the soil,
And their virtues be held while we glow with the story."

Over a porch here, handsomely entwined with evergreens, was this simple and appropriate motto:—
"Ever green in our memory."

The Old Colony Bank, a plain brick structure, which contains an insurance and other public offices, is situated here in North square. From this building flags were suspended to the top of the opposite houses, leaving the following scroll to be read:—
"So long as centuries shall roll over the happy and rising nation,
Shall wealth and waste and labor, rest and toil,
And their virtues be held while we glow with the story."

A little further south, at the top of Middle street, was another handsome arch, formed of evergreens like those described before. It bore the following inscription:—
"They raised the edifice of their civil and religious liberty
On a foundation as pure and innocent as the
Blessed be the spot, the only one on earth where such
a foundation was ever laid."

A ship, representing the Mayflower, was displayed over a doorway here, with the motto:—
"The Mayflower, New England's first emerald."

Another was:—
"Plymouth, the birth-place of nations—
Told her children
Another, near the corner of Leyden street, the first held out in the town, was:—
And here on this spot, where New England began to be,
We come to learn of our Pilgrim Fathers
A deep and lasting lesson of virtue,
Enterprise, patience, zeal and faith."

This description brings us into Leyden street, where Main street ends. At the head of this street stands the First or Unitarian Church, to which I adverted in my last communication; and on one side of it, close by, is the Church of the Pilgrimage. There is a sort of rivalry or jealousy between the congregations of these two churches, as to which of them preserves with the greater fidelity the doctrines of the Puritans. Neither pretend to do so in all respects.

We opine, however, that few of the Pilgrim Fathers would consent to worship in an edifice where the emblem of the Cross was exhibited, outrageously as they might think, on each side of the altar; and we think they would hardly sit dumb and stolid in their pews while the choir, accompanied by the organ's tones, were singing one of their favorite old hymns. Suspended from some fine old trees fronting the old church were flags and bunting, with this inscription:—
"The first house of worship, built 1637; second, 1663; third, 1744, fourth, 1861."

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, the one who bringeth good tidings of good, that publishes salvation. On the front of a house in Leyden street was this motto, in letters formed of leaves and evergreens:—
"They sowed in tears,
In joy we reap."

Further on, a flag crossing the street, with this inscription on calico:—
"The first street laid out Dec. 1620,
New England's fathers—
A noble crew of chosen, firm men,
Valiant soldiers and honorable romans."

Further down this street was this motto:—
"They sought a home and freedom here,
Two hundred years ago."

On the reverse side, the motto read thus:—
"Their hill of graves behind us,
Their way lay before us."

I might properly mention here what I neglected to do yesterday—that, as the foregoing motto intimates, the Pilgrim Fathers had interred their numerous dead whom they lost in the first winter on the rising ground from the harbor; but contrary to general belief, the Pilgrims, who raised no hillocks or headstones over their brethren, but levelled the sod over them. There is now no trace whatever to mark the site of this spot with any exactness, further than that it is known it was along the brow of the hill mentioned, and which is now occupied by houses and gardens.

Further down Leyden street, and near to the water, a flag out of a dwelling house bore this inscription:—
"Site of the Common House,
built in 1620, where Robert
Cushman delivered his famous
speech, N. S. 1621."

And still lower down the following appeared:—
"It is not with us as with men,
Whom small things can discourage,
From the upper portion of Leyden street extends Market street, running south, and at some distance up this latter street was erected, on a rising ground, commanding a view of the harbor and surrounding country, an immense tent, capable of accommodating some three thousand persons, where the banquet of the day was spread for the guests and participants in the celebration. Near the junction of Summer street was a handsome arch of the same form and construction as those I have mentioned before. It presented the following inscription:—
"MAGNANIMITY
The friend and ally of the Pilgrims,
Samoset—Squanto,
Hobbs—Natives of tried fidelity."

The Plymouth High School stands exactly opposite, and to the west of the spot where the tent was pitched. This building was also appropriately decorated with festoonery, wreaths, stars, flags, &c. Within a green ring, in the centre of the edifice, were the letters worked, with leaves and spray, "P. H. S."

The initials of Plymouth High School.

The town pump on this street bore also the following appropriate motto:—
"Freely drink and quench your thirst;
Here drank the Pilgrim Fathers first."

Over the far-famed Plymouth Rock itself was placed an arch, and around it floated the British and American flags. Early on Monday morning workmen insulated the rock by clearing the earth from about it. The sides of the arch were inscribed as follows:—
On the north side:
No New Englander would be willing to have that rock buried and forgotten.
On the south side:
This rock has become an object of veneration in the United States.
On the face of the arch itself was the following legend:—
"A rock in the wilderness favored our sires
From bondage far over the dark rolling seas,
On that holy spot they knelt the first
Which bore our nation's name, for these."

North street, through which the procession marched, was decorated in the same style as the foregoing. On an arch about the centre of the street was the motto, "John Robinson, the Keystone of the Arch." Lower down, at the old burial place, was a banner with the inscription, "Coles Hill, the first burial place of the Pilgrims. On that spot have laid to rest together the pious, the beautiful, and the brave, until the heavens be no more."

The foregoing inscriptions, I should imagine, will suffice to give your readers a pretty correct idea of the prevalent desire here to do honor to the memory of the Pilgrims, and of the excitement produced by this celebration.

Hardly a house on the line of the procession which was not more or less decorated in honor of the occasion. Of the variety of design and the good taste manifested in the display I can only give you a general assurance, as it would occupy too much time and space to describe them all. There were, however, any quantity of evergreen ornaments, in the shape of wreaths, stars, and crosses—too much of the latter, one would think, to be very palatable to the spirits of the Pilgrim Fathers—an innumerable number of miniature vessels, supposed to represent the Mayflower, several busts of Webster, with appropriate mottoes, and the stars and stripes in all sizes and in endless profusion.

Some of the small dealers and tradesmen, too, resolved on uniting the *utile* with the *dulce*, had taken the opportunity of advertising, by means of their decorations. For instance, a gentleman having the honor and profit of supplying his neighbors with boots and shoes had placed over his door, instead of the Mayflower, the cross, or the wreath—what do you think?—a very well executed form of a Broddingnagian shoe, made of leaves and the spray of evergreens; and another dealer in tobacco, had an arch over his door handsomely wreathed, and enclosing the word "Segars;" while a hardware dealer decorated his house with flags gemmed with tin snare, emblematic of his trade.

Puritanism as the saintly residents of Plymouth are by outsiders supposed to be, my experience yesterday convinced me that, after all, they are by no means so straightforward as I had imagined. For instance, they did not seem to be in the least degree shocked at seeing workmen engaged all the Sabbath in putting up decorations; nor did they abstain themselves—some of them—through a religious feeling, from engaging in the same operation. And when Dodworth's fine band played yesterday evening under the piazza of the Samoset House several operatic airs and polkas, for the gratification of the lady boards of that establishment, the most vinegar-faced, puritan-looking of them, expressed no surprise at such a profanity, but all alike crowded to the windows, balconies and doors, to enjoy the treat. I say nothing of the number of gentlemen who evinced their regard for the Maine law by imbibing so freely. And as I have been somewhat wandering and unmethodical in my narrative, I may be excused for saying here, by way of *finis*, that Plymouth can boast of more handsome ladies, in proportion to its population, than any other town I have been in in the United States.

With the ladies naturally condones my description of the beauties and decorations of the place. This morning all has been bustle and excitement. It was ushered in by the firing of guns. From the neighboring townships every variety of vehicle—carriage, buggy, omnibus and wagon—is presently pouring in, full of men, women and children, coming to participate in or to witness the celebration. The trains from Boston are monstrous, and such a concourse of people I suppose Plymouth never before had within its boundaries. Members of military companies, fire companies, bands in motley attire, civic associations, *ad hoc* groups, are perambulating the streets, reading the mottoes, and visiting the places and objects of interest; and before the windows of the Samoset House, on the street beyond, is an individual in strange attire, holding out to a gaping crowd on the properties of his wonderful soap.

It is now 10 o'clock; an immense train from Boston has just arrived, the procession is about to be formed, and the remainder of our report must consequently be more methodical. At all events we will try to make it so.

THE RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES.

At 10 o'clock, A. M., services were commenced in the First or Unitarian Church, so as to inaugurate the ceremony piously and appropriately, by invoking the Divine benediction. After a voluntary on the organ, the choir sang the following hymn, written for the occasion by Rev. E. H. Sears:—
Blessed be the God who gave us life,
New England's first and noblest day;
And here we stand, to witness the day,
And here we stand, to witness the day,
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The foregoing inscriptions, I should imagine, will suffice to give your readers a pretty correct idea of the prevalent desire here to do honor to the memory of the Pilgrims, and of the excitement produced by this celebration.

Hardly a house on the line of the procession which was not more or less decorated in honor of the occasion. Of the variety of design and the good taste manifested in the display I can only give you a general assurance, as it would occupy too much time and space to describe them all. There were, however, any quantity of evergreen ornaments, in the shape of wreaths, stars, and crosses—too much of the latter, one would think, to be very palatable to the spirits of the Pilgrim Fathers—an innumerable number of miniature vessels, supposed to represent the Mayflower, several busts of Webster, with appropriate mottoes, and the stars and stripes in all sizes and in endless profusion.

Some of the small dealers and tradesmen, too, resolved on uniting the *utile* with the *dulce*, had taken the opportunity of advertising, by means of their decorations. For instance, a gentleman having the honor and profit of supplying his neighbors with boots and shoes had placed over his door, instead of the Mayflower, the cross, or the wreath—what do you think?—a very well executed form of a Broddingnagian shoe, made of leaves and the spray of evergreens; and another dealer in tobacco, had an arch over his door handsomely wreathed, and enclosing the word "Segars;" while a hardware dealer decorated his house with flags gemmed with tin snare, emblematic of his trade.

Puritanism as the saintly residents of Plymouth are by outsiders supposed to be, my experience yesterday convinced me that, after all, they are by no means so straightforward as I had imagined. For instance, they did not seem to be in the least degree shocked at seeing workmen engaged all the Sabbath in putting up decorations; nor did they abstain themselves—some of them—through a religious feeling, from engaging in the same operation. And when Dodworth's fine band played yesterday evening under the piazza of the Samoset House several operatic airs and polkas, for the gratification of the lady boards of that establishment, the most vinegar-faced, puritan-looking of them, expressed no surprise at such a profanity, but all alike crowded to the windows, balconies and doors, to enjoy the treat. I say nothing of the number of gentlemen who evinced their regard for the Maine law by imbibing so freely. And as I have been somewhat wandering and unmethodical in my narrative, I may be excused for saying here, by way of *finis*, that Plymouth can boast of more handsome ladies, in proportion to its population, than any other town I have been in in the United States.

With the ladies naturally condones my description of the beauties and decorations of the place. This morning all has been bustle and excitement. It was ushered in by the firing of guns. From the neighboring townships every variety of vehicle—carriage, buggy, omnibus and wagon—is presently pouring in, full of men, women and children, coming to participate in or to witness the celebration. The trains from Boston are monstrous, and such a concourse of people I suppose Plymouth never before had within its boundaries. Members of military companies, fire companies, bands in motley attire, civic associations, *ad hoc* groups, are perambulating the streets, reading the mottoes, and visiting the places and objects of interest; and before the windows of the Samoset House, on the street beyond, is an individual in strange attire, holding out to a gaping crowd on the properties of his wonderful soap.

It is now 10 o'clock; an immense train from Boston has just arrived, the procession is about to be formed, and the remainder of our report must consequently be more methodical. At all events we will try to make it so.

THE RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES.

At 10 o'clock, A. M., services were commenced in the First or Unitarian Church, so as to inaugurate the ceremony piously and appropriately, by invoking the Divine benediction. After a voluntary on the organ, the choir sang the following hymn, written for the occasion by Rev. E. H. Sears:—
Blessed be the God who gave us life,
New England's first and noblest day;
And here we stand, to witness the day,
And here we stand, to witness the day,
And here we stand, to witness the day,
And here we stand, to witness the day."

The first street laid out Dec. 1620, New England's fathers—A noble crew of chosen, firm men, Valiant soldiers and honorable romans. On the front of a house in Leyden street was this motto, in letters formed of leaves and evergreens:—
"They sowed in tears,
In joy we reap."

Further on, a flag crossing the street, with this inscription on calico:—
"The first street laid out Dec. 1620,
New England's fathers—
A noble crew of chosen, firm men,
Valiant soldiers and honorable romans."

Further down this street was this motto:—
"They sought a home and freedom here,
Two hundred years ago."

On the reverse side, the motto read thus:—
"Their hill of graves behind us,
Their way lay before us."

I might properly mention here what I neglected to do yesterday—that, as the foregoing motto intimates, the Pilgrim Fathers had interred their numerous dead whom they lost in the first winter on the rising ground from the harbor; but contrary to general belief, the Pilgrims, who raised no hillocks or headstones over their brethren, but levelled the sod over them. There is now no trace whatever to mark the site of this spot with any exactness, further than that it is known it was along the brow of the hill mentioned, and which is now occupied by houses and gardens.

Further down Leyden street, and near to the water, a flag out of a dwelling house bore this inscription:—
"Site of the Common House,
built in 1620, where Robert
Cushman delivered his famous
speech, N. S. 1621."

And still lower down the following appeared:—
"It is not with us as with men,
Whom small things can discourage,
From the upper portion of Leyden street extends Market street, running south, and at some distance up this latter street was erected, on a rising ground, commanding a view of the harbor and surrounding country, an immense tent, capable of accommodating some three thousand persons, where the banquet of the day was spread for the guests and participants in the celebration. Near the junction of Summer street was a handsome arch of the same